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*The* **ROSARY  
COLLEGE  
EAGLE**



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APRIL, 1925

RIVER FOREST, ILLINOIS









The

# ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE

Volume I.

APRIL, 1925

Number 7

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DANCE OF THE ANGELS

Fra Angelico





*The*

# ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE

---

Regina coeli, laetare!

Alleluia!

Quia Quem meruisti portare

Alleluia!

Resurrexit sicut dixit.

Alleluia!

Ora pro nobis, Deum!

Alleluia.



## The Rosary College Plan for Undergraduate Foreign Study

THE new movement of providing opportunity for study in European University centers for undergraduates of American colleges now challenges the attention of several institutions of higher education.

A small number of women's colleges are making trial of the plan or are preparing to do so. Among the latter is Rosary College, located at River Forest, Illinois.

An experience of eight years in conducting an Institute of Higher Studies for young women in Fribourg, Switzerland by associate members of the Faculty of Rosary College inspires confidence in the project now under consideration.

In brief, the plan proposed is as follows: Young women of reliable character and studious habits and with two years of satisfactory college work to their credit would spend their third

year in study and travel abroad, and then return to their respective colleges to complete the fourth year requirements and receive the baccalaureate degree.

Careful evaluation of the courses followed in Europe would be made in terms of American standards. Pursued under the direction of Rosary College, which, through its accrediting by the Association of American Universities, has international recognition, the work done by the young women would receive due credit in the United States.

The intensive study at the Catholic University of Fribourg or under professors of this University in the Institute named above, together with attractive itineraries designed to supplement and relieve the academic programme, would afford a young woman a most valuable year, educationally and culturally.

### After Rain

---

Monotonous drip from the eaves,  
The sluggish stir of leaves  
Heavy with rain;  
On the window pane  
The ghost of an echo that lingers  
From the tap of the rain's cold fingers.

EVELYN FOLEY, '27.





## Lake Gulls

---

Wild, silver wings, black-tipped, wave-wet,  
Whirling below the leaden sky;  
Beating out of the fog they fly  
Like memories we would forget.

The dark, weary waves are quiet;  
Along the dunes the mist rolls high,  
And silver wings black-tipped, wave-wet  
Whirl wild below the leaden sky.

The woods are bright with the sunset  
That half-heard bird songs glorify.  
Brave minstrels they—when sheltered by  
A wall of trees from lake-moods; yet  
I love more black-tipped wings, wave-wet  
Whirling below a leaden sky.

ANNIA KEATING, '27.



## Martha

THEY lived just across the alley from us in a trim little box of a house with a well-kept garden behind it. Herman had rebuilt the sagging back porch and had treated the little cottage to several coats of white paint in his spare moments after his day's back-breaking work on the "section." He seemed tireless, for he was never idle a minute. We liked to listen to him whistling his quaint German tunes on summer evenings while he pruned his raspberry vines or mowed his miniature front lawn. His wife, Martha, was just as energetic and as cheerful. She was up with the dawn, I think; at least on Monday mornings her snowy washing was always flapping on the line before our own was fairly under way. We became acquainted over the back fence, and from that time we were the best of friends.

One day I went over hurriedly and apologetically to borrow something. Martha was on her hands and knees in the kitchen scrubbing the linoleum until it glistened. She scrubbed methodically with large sweeps of her strong arm, and she gloried in the scrubbing. "No, I won't come in, thank you, Martha," I decided at the back door, but she insisted upon leading me around to the front entrance. She was ridiculously proud of their parlor, I knew,—of the crocheted cover on the hair-cloth sofa, the starched tidies on the chairs, the tinted chromos on the walls. The floor was quite bare,—the boards scrubbed to a gleaming whiteness,—except from

front door to kitchen where there was laid a strip of worn rag carpet. We talked for a while;—I loved Martha's voice; it was rich, throaty, a little broken, with always a laugh bubbling behind it. "Wait! I show you some t'ing."— This with an air of the most delightful secrecy. In the cheap mail-order catalogue which lay on the round table, she found and pointed out to me the picture of a rug with a hideous floral design in vivid pinks and greens. "Maybe right away we don't get it," she explained. "I guess in plenty time we pick it out, huh?" She laughed in that irresistible chuckling manner she had, and almost immediately grew sober. "Pretty nice, you t'ink?" she queried diffidently. I hastened to assure her that it was a beautiful choice, —a rug among rugs. She closed the catalogue reverently. "Always I dream of a nice rug for our parlor," she said wistfully. "Soft to step on like the grass . . . ." and broke off in embarrassment. Before I left she told me another bit of news. "Tomorrow," she said importantly, "Herman's fadder comes all the way from Düsseldorf to stay with us."

The next morning I saw that Herman's "fadder" had arrived. He was walking aimlessly about in the yard,—head bent, hands clasped behind his back,—an aged replica of Herman,—a little man with grizzled white hair, friendly eyes and a gentle, childish smile. He spied me as I was weeding





the dahlia bed and ambled down to the fence. "Güten Morgen," he called cheerily in a high, cracked voice. Not knowing what else to say, I responded "Guten Morgen" uncertainly and with a wretched accent. Unfortunately my knowledge of German extended no further, and when he burst into an eloquent discourse in that tongue, I had to shake my head vigorously and indicate by gestures as well as I could that I was not understanding a word. I shall not soon forget the hurt, amazed look in his eyes as he bowed clumsily to me and turned back up the path. I felt somehow as if I were to blame. Oddly enough, although he stayed for almost a year, he learned scarcely a word of English.

During that summer I did not hear Martha mention the new parlor rug again. I concluded that old Claus' passage to America had probably exhausted their small savings for the time. Herman's father aged a great deal that year. Every day he grew a little feeble, a little more childish, a little more homesick in a dull, despairing way. He sat indoors by the fire, or walked disconsolately around the yard, head bent, hands clasped behind his back. "Back to Düsseldorf he wants to go," Martha explained to me one day in winter when old Claus sat beside the hard-coal burner, his eyes fixed vacantly on the glowing coals. His lips moved; now and then he wept a little,—weakly and noiselessly like a child. She went on in a low voice as if he might hear and understand. "Last night I said to Her-

man, 'When it comes Spring, back he shall go. That we must do for him, Herman', I said. 'Maybe he don't live so very long. Once more he must see Düsseldorf before he dies'."

When the Spring came and someone was found to accompany old Claus to New York, he started home. "The passage!" sighed Martha,— "it is so dear. Poor Herman's wages for six months it took to send our poor old fadder back. But so glad we are to do it," she said hurriedly, lest I might think she was complaining, and brightened at once. "But I tell you some t'ing else" she added confidentially, "Almost seventeen dollars I have saved from raspberry selling in the summer. Pretty soon I t'ink maybe we get our new rug."

About a week later she called to me, and when I went over to the fence I saw that her eyes were red and swollen. "Bad news we got today," she informed me, her lips trembling. "I show you the telegram." I followed her into the house, stupidly wondering how to offer my sympathy. "This morning it came," she said, and held out the yellow slip. "The telegraph boy read for us the words." It was an official announcement of the death of Claus Claussen on board the *Capitol* just before it reached port and a request for burial instructions.

"Three hundred dollars we sent 'em," Martha said with a sort of solemn pride; "Herman's money in the bank, and mine, also, what I saved. That we could do for him anyway."



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As I was leaving, she stooped to pick up an invisible thread from the rag carpet. "Our new rug we don't get yet a while," she smiled wryly. "Ach!" she added in gentle scorn, "sometimes I t'ink, 'what is rugs?' A lot of bother. Always you must sweep them, and pull down the curtains to keep the sun away. I save myself some work."

The idea of Martha's sparing herself might have been comical, but how her eyes would have delighted in the flamboyant colors, but her bravado was too pitiful. I thought of how her feet would have rejoiced in its softness—"like the grass," how her house-wifely soul would have guarded it from the light of day. Her sacrifice revealed in all its futility touched me deeply. The tragedy of old Claus' untimely death was swallowed up for me in the lesser realiza-

tion that Martha's dream was to be denied.

Martha smiled bravely. "So," she continued, "we have the nice sun all day long. And maybe next year—" She could not finish, but I knew what was in her mind.

The next year when I came back from a long trip I went to see Martha again. This time a stolid German girl was crocheting by the window, and Martha introduced her as Herman's cousin Emma "who had come all the way from Düsseldorf to stay with them." On the scrubbed pine boards of the parlor floor, a little more worn perhaps, but as spotless as ever, lay the rag carpet.

EVELYN FOLEY, '27.

### "Ah, the May was Grand this Mornin'"

---

In budding May  
But yesterday  
In grassy fields, where sunbeams lay,  
A little blade  
Cast off its coat  
Of dead and gray chicamberlay.

And fresh with dew,  
He jumped into  
A bright, green jerkin, starched a-new.  
With head flung free  
He pranced with glee—  
A sight that only fairies see.

MARGARET DUNDON, '26.





## Pieta

---

This is the bourne of suffering,  
The consummation of consummations.  
Here she sits—the Mother of the world, the Mother of Sorrows  
With her dead Son and God in her arms:  
The Man-God, the victorious Lover of the world,  
Who conquered the heart of His beloved by glorious defeat;  
The divinely wise Fool, Who deserted a heaven to win an earth,  
And, by losing all, gained all;  
And she—the Woman who in loving Him, loved all the world.

This is the end of all ends,  
The desolation of desolations.  
The bitter tide of cruel sorrow has cast them up  
On the shore of stark desolation.  
Ay, now even Sorrow has had done with them.  
There is no drop left in the awful chalice.  
They have drained the very lees.  
Anguish has worn itself out  
And lies dumb and aching,  
Crushed by a majestic gentleness,  
The first, faint hint of a dawning Easter in her eyes!

ELEANOR M. ROY, '27.



## My Impressions of Porto Rico

TO the casual observer Porto Rico is an "isla esmeralda" set in the blue waters of the tropical seas. On approtching shore her beautiful harbors, "haystack" hills and tall palm trees breathe an atmosphere of enchantment and allurement. Winding up from the sea in the narrow crooked streets flanked by severe edifices with closed shutters, street venders ply their trades each with a call peculiar to his own wares. In the evening little bare-foot lads run hither and thither taking up the cry "mani—mani—no son crudos, no son quemados" (peanuts, peanuts—neither raw nor burnt).

Poverty is rampant—men and women in ragged clothes carrying large bundles on their heads—thin to emaciation, some of them, since for many their only food is platanos asados (roasted plantains) and bacalao (dried cod). This poverty has occasionally been misinterpreted by the casual observer as being peculiar to all Porto Ricans. Indeed the poverty of today was unknown under Spanish dominion. Since the advent of the Americans large sugar corporations whose employees live in deplorable conditions have put a monopoly on their products, have bought from the unsuspecting natives their little farms and now own thousands of acres. This seemingly flagrant violation of a law which restricts the amount of land one may own well deserves investigation on the part of government authorities.

To one who has been here longer, Porto Rico is more than all this. In the old forts, the legends, the churches, one reads the realization of past years. The history of Porto Rico under Spanish dominion has alwtys been associated with the Catholic Church, whose successive history "demonstrates that during the four centuries of her existence she has always been identified with our people in every aspect of their life, and in every movement of progress. One after another, her bishops fostered public education, encouraged agriculture, or obtained the reduction of the excessive administration personnel. The detailed history of the bishops of Porto Rico would honor any country. The names of not a few of them have passed down to posterity amidst a halo of admiration and gratitude, some because of their charity, all of them because of the whole-souled interest they displayed in promoting the material, intellectual and moral development of the beautiful island, entrusted to their pastoral care.

. . . In this connection a well known historian of Porto Rico has said: "When all the data of our ecclesiastical history which are now scattered shall be compiled into a book it will be seen that the episcopate was a powerful factor in our civilization, culture, and progress; and that it deserves the respect and consideration of all Porto Ricans regardless of their religious opinions, because by doing it justice it will receive the





tribute of gratitude that patriotism owes to it'."

As in Latin countries so in this island there were rounds of joyous feasts—dances, races, religious gatherings. Chief among the latter were the fiestas patronales. This festivity fell on the day of the patron saint of each town. This old custom is still preserved. One is awakened in the early morning by the diana, music given by the band on the different street corners of the town. Later every one goes to church where often there are elaborate processions. Racers, parties, and dances complete the celebration. The carnival season colorful and gay with confetti, cloretilo, masks and costumes is the most rollicking of the secular festivities.

Porto Rico became an American possession in 1898 at the close of the Spanish American War. Almost immediately the work of Americanization began. Schools were built, roads were constructed, bridges spanned the deep valleys where the Spanish engineers had not yet come. Every year from the States came teachers entrusted with the task of helping in the development of these American citizens. Today there are in the island about three hundred teachers. The rural schools are in charge of natives. In the graded and high schools both native and American teachers are laboring side by side. Changes anywhere can come but slowly, and so when one considers what has been accomplished here in a quarter of a century one is astonished. Requirements relating to education have steadily been increased—from now on no

new rural teachers are to be appointed without High School diplomas. To some this may sound inadequate, but if I remember rightly it is only a few years ago that the State of Wisconsin made a similar ruling. Spanish is the language of the school up to the fifth grade. From then on English is used except in Spanish classes. At the present time, English is not universal throughout the island, nor is its instruction perfect, but with time conditions will be bettered.

Manufacturing plays no part in the life of the people. The main occupations in which the countrymen engage are tobacco, sugar and coffee culture. The second largest sugar central in the world is located near the south shore of the Island. Porto Rican coffee is better than Brazilian coffee, although the latter up to the present has always found a readier market in the States. Up to a few years ago Porto Rico shipped all her coffee to Spain and other European countries. Coffee grows on bushes which grow several feet high, planted on hillsides among banana trees whose long wide leaves protect the bushes from the intense rays of the sun.

Coffee blossoms to me smell sweeter than orange blossoms. They are in bloom now, and soon when they have all gone the orange trees will be abloom. Here nature has provided us with all the colors at her command. The green of the mountains has lights and shades to delight the eye, and the trees bear flowers which throughout the year fling their gaudy colors abroad. The little thatched mountain huts nestled on the



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mountain sides add to one's feeling of peace and security, for one is always sure of a welcome and a helping hand in case of need.

Although the civilization of "Borinquen"—the old Indian name for Porto Rico—is still Spanish, the conventions and observances of the Americans are gradually being accepted. Class divisions exist and are likely to continue existing to quite an extent. The population is made up of Spaniards and Porto Ricans of white blood, natives of Indian extraction and negroes.

I think most American women would go "crazy" over the servant problem

here. You can hire a cook for \$4 a month besides her food and lodging but the lack of education of most of the servants make them a constant strain and source of annoyance.

I shall always cherish a fond memory for these people who have been so kind and hospitable to me. From the little ragged beggar girl who smiles at me every day to the brightest of my hundred pupils, I feel friendly towards them all. I shall always consider "Borinquen" as my second home and the people as my friends.

LUCY PUEHLER, '20.

### Resurrection

---

Now from the cold and barren tomb of earth  
Angels of sunlight roll the stone away,  
And early leaves and grasses come to birth  
To praise their Maker on this Easter day.  
The trees fling off their somber robes of gray,  
And from a weary time of penance freed,  
Rejoice in rich and colorful array.  
Let us, to all this beauty giving heed,  
Cry out with joyful hearts, "The Lord is risen indeed."

EVELYN FOLEY, '27.





## Balisand

**J**OSEPH HERGESHEIMER, author of *Java Head*, *The Happy End*, *The Bright Shawl* and others, is considered by many American and English critics to be the leading American novelist of the present. Hugh Walpole, the famous English writer said of him, "He is an artist, and by an artist I mean someone who loves both truth and beauty. . . . Because he cares for truth, he is a realist and because he cares for beauty, he is a poet. The combination today is rare."

In his latest novel, *Balisand*, there is both truth and beauty, reality and poetry. It is the story of the life of Richard Bale of Balisand, an aristocratic Virginian of the period immediately following the War of Independence. The plot is not the principal source of interest in the book although it is not at all a usual story. Richard Bale, former soldier in the Revolutionary War, and owner of the plantation of Balisand, meets Lavinia Roderick at a house party given at the home of Charles Todd to announce Lavinia's engagement to his brother Gawin Todd. A strange and sudden attraction brings Richard and Lavinia together, and they discover their love for each other. Richard's pride and honor make it necessary for him to tell Charles and Gawin Todd, and a duel is arranged between Richard and Gawin. But fate intervenes and takes Lavinia from both her lovers with one tragic blow. On the night before the duel is to take place, she falls down the stairway and is in-

stantly killed. The first part of the book ends with Richard exiled from his friends Charles and Ava Todd, and filled with an undying hatred for Gawin.

In the second part, which takes up Richard Bale's story at a point nine years later, the loneliness of his existence at Balisand is relieved by his marriage to Lucia Matthews, a beautiful woman whom he had known since she was a child. She understands and loves him, and he returns her love. But even after seven years of happiness with Lucia and their children he is still troubled by strange moments of weakness in which a flash of sunlight in his eyes is followed by the consciousness of the presence of Lavinia, overpowering and delighting him. He struggles to overcome what he considers infidelity to Lucia. The story comes to a conclusion with the inevitable duel between Gawin and Richard fought ostensibly over a political quarrel, and in which Richard is betrayed by a flash of sunlight in his eyes and is fatally wounded. Only when it is too late does he finally free himself from Lavinia's strange power over him; and he dies before he can reach Lucia at Balisand.

Possibly more than in the story are we interested in the historical situation, in the representation of the politics of the time, and above all in the portrayal of Richard's character. He is a type of conservative gentleman, passionately attached to his own beliefs, to his country and to his home, a hard-drink-



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ing, hot-headed descendant of Colonial aristocracy, loyal to Washington and the Federal Party, and suspicious of the new democratic tendencies.

Mr. Hergesheimer's style is unique and rather obscure; he leaves much for the mind of the reader. But it is a forceful and picturesque style. Perhaps Richard Bale and his history are rather morbid, rather too stern and unpleasant. They have not the joyful and romantic qualities of *The Bright Shovel* and its hero, it is true. And yet there is something lovable, something pitiable in Richard. He is a much more real figure than Charles Abbott.

But there is poetry as well as reality in the book. There is poetry in the descriptions of the beautiful old Virginia estates and the lazy river down which Richard Bale floats with his negro slaves to the party at Todd Hundred.

The one thing that mars the story for some readers is the note of fatalism which resounds throughout. In spite of Richard Bale's efforts to overcome the power of Lavinia over him, it is impossible for him to do so. He had fallen in love with her in spite of himself, knowing that she was betrothed to Gawin Tood. Fate had decreed their love, not for their joy and happiness but, it would seem, for Richard's ruin; and the opinion of the author seems to be that human effort is unavailing against this great destructive power.

The book seems, however, a notable addition to American fiction. Perhaps the characteristic that lends it distinction is its successful treatment of a period in our history not heretofore considered by a novelist.

MARIANA STEELE, '26.

### Paradox

---

AT TWENTY:

I look in the mirror amazed to see  
That youth still lives in the face of me,  
While my heart is wrinkled and worn with thought,  
And the dreams, and the pain the years have brought.

AT FIFTY:

It is not often I look in the glass,  
But when I look, I look askance  
To see how the years have ploughed through my face,  
But left my heart with its old wild grace!

ELEANOR M. ROY, '27.





### The Lonely Spaces

---

The rough, old wind picked me up like a child in his arms  
And rocked me, singing a druid lullaby;  
And the moon combed out her pale, white, burning hair  
That I might walk upon its rhythmic tide  
And silent grow with mystical delight.  
And the stars clasped twinkling fingers at midnight  
To make a swing where swinging I'd forget  
The little lonely woes that creep on earth.  
But all these do not understand or know,  
With all their eerie flashing breathless ways,  
That I, who after all am made of dust,  
Although the dust be streaked with bright star-shine,  
May find more comfort in such earth born things  
As trees and sympathetic human hearts  
That know the strange hurts of that loneliness  
That lives between the earth, and stars, and moon.  
For though they lure me with their mystic hopes  
My poor heart still will hunt some corner of  
The earth where Love's warm arms shut out the winds  
Of fear that blow across the wide waste space  
That yawns around the edges of the world.

ELEANOR M. ROY, '27.



### Impatience

---

I have no patience with a girl  
Who hides behind a lovely face  
Some dull, uncouth, unheeding soul.  
God gave her all that outward grace  
Of cheek, and lip, and gleaming eye  
That some great singing heart within  
Might all its flashing wonders cry!

ELEANOR M. ROY, '27.



## Her Ideal Intervenes

THE telephone bell rang through the quiet house, and a minute later, a voice, gruffly masculine, called up the stairs, "Jennie, pho-one!" No answer. Then the voice came again, slightly louder and gruffer, "Say, up there, are you dead? Get a move on or I'll hang up."

Jane Carey heaved a sigh of annoyance, threw down her pencil, and went toward the door, stealing a swift glance into the dressing-table mirror as she passed. The glimpse she caught seemed to satisfy her although her hair was rather ruffled and her cheeks flushed, and she wore the wild-eyed expression of a person who has just been rudely aroused from an ecstasy. But she smoothed her hair and assumed a dignity worthy of her sixteen years as she started down the stairs.

"I'm coming, Bob," she called as the voice began to protest again. "You don't have to get so excited. And besides," she finished as she reached the foot of the stairway, "I've told you a million times *not* to call me Jennie."

But her brother had already vanished into the living room where he could be heard loudly expostulating about "some people who always take their time about answering phone calls." Jane made a face in the direction of the living room not altogether in keeping with her dignified bearing, and picked up the receiver.

"Hello—Yes, this is Jane—Oh Sue, thank you, but I simply can't come. I

have something very important to attend to. I'm so sorry."

"Gosh, you'd think she was the president of a bank at least," was the very audible comment from the next room.

"No, really Sue, I can't. No, you don't say so" (polite interest manifested) "Well that's nice, isn't it? Well—goodbye I'll see you Monday." The receiver clicked and Jane started upstairs again.

"Jane," said another voice from the living room, "Come here a minute, please." Jane walked slowly into the room wearing an expression of sad resignation.

"Well, Mother, what is it?"

Bob was sitting on the arm of his mother's chair, grinning maliciously. Mrs. Carey looked up from her mending.

"What did Sue want you to do, Jane?"

"Oh, she's just having the bunch over for a while tonight. She has a boy cousin visiting her. I s'pose that's the reason."

"Well, why don't you go? You haven't been to a party for quite a while. It would be good for you; you read altogether too much."

"Oh, Mother, I don't get any kick out of these old parties. Besides, I've got too much to do."

This was unfortunate. Bob's grin changed to a hearty laugh. "That's a good one," said he.





"But, Jane, what is it you have to do? It isn't like you to study on Saturday night."

Jane threw a scornful glance at her brother.

"You don't know anything about it, smarty, so you might just as well keep still," she retorted, to the further detriment of her dignity.

"Well, Mother," she continued rather vaguely, "I told you it's just something important I have to do. It's nothing special—just something."

Bob took this up immediately.

"Ho, you just said it was important. Your stories don't hang together very well, it seems to me."

"Mother, won't you please make him keep still? He thinks he's so darn smart."

"Bob," said the harassed mother, "don't tease your sister. And Jane, I've told you before not to say 'darn'; it certainly is not ladylike."

"All right, Mother, I won't. May I go now?" said Jane, looking at the door.

"Yes, but, I don't want you to read all day. It's not good for you. Wouldn't it be nice if you'd come down in a few minutes and help me with the mending?"

Jane looked crestfallen, but she had to agree. She ran out of the room and up the stairs, leaving her much puzzled mother and brother to wonder about her peculiar conduct.

When Jane got back to her desk, she pushed aside a pad on which she had been scribbling before the interruption, and opened a small drawer with a key which she drew from her pocket. She

took from the drawer a little red book and opening it began to write rapidly.

"Dear Diary, I'm getting desperate. My family don't understand me, and they won't leave me in peace. My career will be ruined if things keep on like this. I have just been interrupted in the midst of the most thrilling situation in my novel, where Ambrose saves Ethel from despair and suicide. And now, I've lost my inspiration and besides I have to go down and help Mother with the mending. Mending! What is mending when one has a career to attend to. And now, I suppose, Mother will make me go to Sue's party tonight. Ye gods! Parties are all right for someone who hasn't a future before her. But, oh, how they bore me! The boys are all so dumb and the girls are all so silly. If only someone would understand that I am through with all that sort of thing. Oh, Diary, you are my only friend and confidante. What would I do without you!"

Here the youthful aspirant to literary fame threw down her pencil and shut the little book with a gesture of despair. Then, leaning her head on her hand, she gazed pensively and mournfully out upon the very commonplace American small-town street. This poetic attitude was interrupted by her Mother's voice.

"All right, I'm coming," called Jane, and hastily pushing the red book into the drawer, she locked it and put the key in her pocket.

. . . . .

Sue's party was not a late one. When Jane reached home, she found her



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mother and Bob in the living room reading. They both looked up as she came in. Her eyes were shining and she looked as if she had been enjoying herself.

"Well, Miss High Brow," began Bob, "I suppose you've spent a perfectly boresome evening and had a perfectly rotten time."

His sister ignored this sally and answered her mother's inquiring look.

"Oh, mother, I did have the best time. All the bunch was there and we had the best food! And, oh, Sue's cousin is awfully nice, and he's going to stay at Sue's and go to high school here in Springdale." She stopped, remembering her brother's presence.

"Oh, he's just the sweetest thing," jeered Bob. "So handsome and polite, I s'pose."

"Well, he certainly is a lot handsomer and politer than you, I should hope, Mr. Smarty," said Jane looking a little bit fussed.

"Bob, you are really getting impossible. You must leave your sister alone. She wasn't bothering you at all," pleaded Mrs. Carey.

"I'm glad you had such a good time, dear. And now you'd better go to bed.

It's getting late." And Mrs. Carey heaved a sigh of relief as she watched her daughter out of the room. "Thank goodness, she's herself again," she murmured, "I didn't really think it could last."

Upstairs Jane switched on the light in her room happily and started toward the closet. But her eye fell suddenly upon the little desk with its dark secrets. A strange look came over her face and she went to the desk, unlocked the drawer and took out the red book. She opened it and read what she had written earlier in the day. Then she picked up the pencil and, after thinking a minute, wrote:

"Dear Diary, I have met my ideal man! His name is Howard Pierce, and he is Sue's cousin, but he isn't commonplace or ordinary like Sue. He is very good looking and I like the way he talks and he can dance perfectly. I feel as if I had known him forever already. Oh, Diary, I *did* have such a good time at the party and I've been thinking that maybe it would be just as well if I postponed starting my career for a while."

MARIANA STEELE, '26.

### The Temple

---

Sweet Mother Mary, wilt thou find  
The little Infant Jesus kind  
Instructing me with childish art  
Within the temple of my heart?

KATHERINE KENLINE, '28.





## Echoes from *the Compleat Angler*

With Apologies to Isaac Walton

### FISHING FOR PIKE.

IN fishing for pike, as for most other fish it is necessary to accomplish two things. First hook your fish and then land him in the boat. Simple as it sounds we advise all that both constitute an art only to be learned by experience. This will become manifest as soon as the beginner's try it. We can truthfully say that we were on the lake a long time before we hooked a fish and that we did not land the first one. In the first place the feat of hooking the fish, procedure is much like that used with bass, suskies, and other fresh water fish. One can either still fish, using frogs or other live bait, or cast. There are many books devoted to the art of casting and we have not the space to treat it here. We would strongly advise anyone to learn to cast overhand as a side winder is a menace to anyone occupying the same boat and has not the efficiency of an overhanded caster. When learning to cast, practice continually and by yourself that you may not hit anyone. There are few more dangerous implements than a hooked plug. Always remember that it does not take strength to get distance on the casts. Always cultivate accuracy until you can place your plug exactly where you wish.

For the proficient caster the next thing to be considered is when and where to fish. The best times are early in the morning and just before sun-

down. There is little use of casting under a hot sun, although you can occasionally hook a fish then. We consider the best time to be on a cloudy, misty day with an occasional shower. The second thing to know is where to go to get the fish.

I have always found that the best place is in deep water alongside the long slim green reeds called pickerel weeds. As a last resort it is well to go out in the deep water. If there are any pike in the lake at all we should pick them up in these places.

The main show starts as soon as a pike strikes. Hook him with your wrist and then prepare to fight. If he is a big one, he will start for the wide open spaces with a rush. Let him go, only keeping enough strain on the line to tire him out. Above all never become excited and lose control. As soon as you start to pull against him he is as good as gone. When he stops, take in all slack, but do not put too much strain on your line. If he is a real "whale" you will be some time in tiring him. Do not hurry and eventually you will bring him, weary but still game alongside the boat. I remember that once last summer I hooked a big one just at dark and tried to finish him in a few minutes. About three seconds later I reeled in the broken end of my line, minus one good plug and a big fish. When he comes up to the boat, shift the pole to the left



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hand and reach for him with the right. If he starts to run, let him go and work him back later. When you grab him, always put fingers in his eyes and press in with all your might. (It is always convenient to have the brother along to perform this act). The fish will immediately stiffen and you can haul him in the boat. Cut out the hooks and string him.

Then all one has to do is bring him back, and brag about how he was landed. This is something every fisherman cannot resist and is a necessary evil. After having landed only one, you will

be hopelessly "gone." Those who think the golf bug has a grasp on its victims have never seen one stricken with the fishing fever. This disease dies down in the winter, to some extent, but is very pronounced in the spring and summer. The only remedy that is worth trying is a week spent on some wooded lake where the fish are striking. This is also a cure for many other ills such as overwork, worry, and ennui. One only has to try it once; the proper effects are sure to follow.

MARY KELLY, '26.

### FISHING.

What is your ideally happy mood? Did you ever in your more pensive moments ponder this one thought? Just try it once—Sketch yourself in your mind's eye in your most happy mood. Maybe it will be quite a revelation and something really worth contemplating.

I have given this subject earnest consideration and I have finally decided that I am in my ideally happy mood when I am fishing! Yes, fishing on a warm day, perhaps in late July. This form of diversion may appear inane to the majority of the fair sex,—yet to me nothing is more alluring or more satisfying.

When the time arrives each summer when I may spend the day out in the great open spaces, fishing, I am elated. I select an enchanting spot, on a bank overlooking a lovely meandering stream, and there I sit engaged in the strenuous task of assembling fish. And

I mostly sit too, because I was never known to have any luck except once, and that was a long time ago. Why? Many inquisitive people ask me that question, and I am forced to candidly admit, "I am too talkative." I know that one cannot fish successfully unless one remains perfectly taciturn—and even morose during the procedure. For the slightest move or noise on the part of the fisherman is enough to frighten the little Pisces away from the strategic hook. And so I attribute my eternal ill luck to too much "talk." But once I did encounter a streak of good luck, as I started to relate when I interrupted myself. Yes, I caught nothing less than a big old turtle. When I realized I had actually inveigled something into attaching itself to my hook, I was so happy I became almost hysterical, and I began madly calling for help, and ejaculating so vociferously that I



frightened every living creature within a radius of ten miles. And I had such a dreadful effect on the fish, that they all disappeared as if by magic, and were not seen or heard of the rest of the day. Accordingly the exasperated fishing party was forced to disband berating me roundly. But year by year I improve, and with a few more bitter experiences, I may finally conquer the numerous obstacles which impede my ideally happy mood.

I may as well confess too, that I'm an infamous coward. I'm champion pest when I am confronted with bait. I never seem to have the courage to touch one of those wriggly little worms. Even the thought unmans me! I just haven't the "nerve" to fasten one of those harmless creatures on to my hook. Oh, I tell you a word of grit is involved in this one act. Guess I've always been too kind hearted to animals; I just can't

muster up sufficient courage to abuse them.

But when I have my bait finally set by a more valiant fisherman, I'll sit placidly by for hours, reminiscing, and building air castles which crumble into ruins when an inquisitive bee drones passively into my face. But the pleasure I derive from trying to fish is unsurpassed! I am supremely happy when I am fishing.

But with all pleasures there comes a correlative unpleasantness: in the case of fishing, sun burn and freckles, things not to be evaded, when one is blessed with a "school girl complexion." No one has yet devised a preventative, but why fret and grieve because "Old Sol" is at his tricks again? Just smile, smile, smile, that's the most efficient way to recover from the dissipation of your ideally happy mood.

AILEEN ODERBOLZ, '27.

### God's Blessing

(Translated from the German, "Gottesegen," of  
Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff.)

A child from play lies resting,  
At the window presses night,  
God's angels there keep watching  
In the coolness and faded light.

They quietly stand by the bedside,  
But as morning's grey light streams  
They kiss the child ere leaving:  
It smiles in the midst of its dreams.

MILDRED O'NEIL, '26.





## On the Difficulties of Golf

IF I had only been warned against the treachery of the golf craze. For a time I scorned its victims and declared it to be a game only worthy of the efforts of old gentlemen and convalescents. But in truth, I became ashamed to confess ignorance of a game which was the constant topic of conversation and about which all of my friends were enthusiastic. Although I persisted as a tennis devotee, gradually I learned that one cannot enjoy the game alone. And thus I allowed myself to be prevailed upon "just to try" as you, too, will do, eventually. One lesson with

the driver, a good-looking "pro," an accomodating caddy, nine holes—and as other weak mortals who went before me had done, I threw my free will to the winds and joined the ranks of would-be golfers. Once a member of this desperate throng, there is no turning back. Strange, too, that one never desires to turn back, even though one may have broken a five-dollar mashie on that last hazard or one may have shocked the family with a noticeable addition of "cuss" words.

"Practice on your lawn daily" advise interested friends. May I suggest that one could profitably combine business with pleasure and take, as one's target, the bothersome dandelion plants which ruin one's lawn. Acting upon the suggestion myself, I was able to eradicate every plant from the yard, roots and all. Of course, it is only fair to warn you that the turf, of which father is so proud, is likely to suffer, as the beginner

has a lamentable habit of digging up large bits of the green velvet. But they are easily replaced—if no one is looking.

When some kind friend has pronounced you sufficiently advanced, you must face the ordeal of a public appearance on the links. As you unsteadily approach the first tee, you smile broadly, seemingly very much at ease. But there before you, resting a bit before playing nine more holes await at least a dozen par players, all very anxious to witness your discomfort. No indeed, they are in no hurry; they beg to give you the honor. There is no way of avoiding the disaster, and so, with a prayer on your parched lips you step forward, grasp your driver firmly—far too firmly—glare menacingly at the cup two hundred fifty yards distant, swing the club. Swish!—There is a shower of sand, a titter of enjoyment from a thoughtless female, you gaze far ahead down the fairway for your ball and, horrors! you hear the caddy say, "Huh, watch out or you'll step on it" and there it is indeed, resting peacefully upon its own little tee of sand, grinning up at you as if in glee.

You finally get off, and once on the fairway, the color of your ears gradually fades to normalcy. You even grow light-hearted, secure in the thought that if nothing more disturbing occurs, you may yet learn to appreciate the game. "Fore" calls a caddy. It connotes nothing to you, and on you stroll, swinging your mashie dangerously near your



carrie's left ear. "Fore" warns the foursome behind, and still you show no signs of having heard. Whiz-z-z! A ball skims by, clearing your head by exactly three inches. You cry out in fear and amazement and possibly some anger, but your caddy only offers, disgustingly,

"Aw, get off the fairway. Don't cha' know what 'fore' means?"

You learn that the word "fore" is a signal, announcing that the approaching party desires to drive through. Since you will need about thirty-two shots to make the first hole, each drive averaging at least five feet, practically everyone on the course will have passed you, before you have reached the second tee.

"We'll do better on the next hole" lies the caddy, as he tees up a new, one dollar Baby Dimple floater.

For convenience sake let us suggest that this tee is located on the crest of a high hill, at the bottom of which is a small pool of stagnant water. One fearful, downward glance at the pool and your chances for making the next hole diminish considerably. Someone suggests driving to one side of it. Ah

no; it must be over for you, or not at all. How could you fail with a mashie! One is always foolish like that in the beginning, refusing to heed all advice. You are lucky enough to hit the ball this time, and high into the air it goes. Splash! and another Baby Dimple has joined its soggy brothers and sisters at the bottom of the pool. Another dollar thrown away! You decide to use rubber balls the rest of the way around.

"Keep your eye on the ball—take it easy, e-e-e-easy now—bend the left knee—swing slowly—slowly—straighten the left arm—keep your eye on the ball" . . . . If you would learn to play golf, take unto yourself those words of counsel as you would a Bible text.

After nine holes, all of which are as distressing as the first few, you sink into a chair on the club veranda, but not before you have signed up for lessons and have arranged with your friends to play every day next week. You are hopeless now, as are all the rest, but as Briggs has so kindly put it, "The first hundred years are the hardest!"

KATHERINE KEATING, '25.

### Evening at Rosary

---

Sunset flares on earth new made;  
 Twilight veils on evening sky;  
 Ghostly lights recede and fade,  
 As westward bound the train speeds by.

ZOE E. QUINN, '27.



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### Grieg

---

Poet-soul of Norway,  
Carver of magic cadences,  
Sharer of wanton harmonies  
That are born to die and live again  
In the space of a lagging heart-beat.

Weaver of dreams,  
Master of flowing melodies,  
Charmer of 'wilderling phantasies  
That creep, and whirl, and tumble  
In the depths of your Northland fiords.

Storm-enchanter,  
Tamer of crashing dissonances,  
Forger of the mystic chains  
Which hold captive the god of those tempest winds  
Whom you lured from his frozen forests.

Builder of music that goes gypsying through our lives,—  
Music

Pure as the eternal mountain snows;  
Moody as an unleashed waterfall;  
Colorful as the pageantry of the royal sun holding court  
at midnight;  
Brilliant as an evergreen blanketed with ice;  
Sweet, and tender, and triumphant as the little wildflower  
of summer that shines for a breathless time;  
Heart-breaking, winning, tearful as all the fragile unsung  
songs that hover round our world,—lost and clamor-  
ing.

You cannot be caught with words,  
You poet-soul and eagle-heart of Norway.

ANNIA KEATING, '27.





### When You Are Gone

---

When you are gone I while away  
The moments of an endless day,  
And wander through the house alone,  
The rooms all still and cheerless grown  
Which we had meant to be so gay.

Disconsolate sometimes I stray  
Over some half-forgotten way  
Which we in other days have known,  
When you are gone.

And when at last the hours have flown  
And out of doors the night winds moan,  
Or often when the east is gray  
I start from out my sleep to pray  
That God may guard you as His own,  
When you are gone.

EVELYN FOLEY, '27.



### March Day

---

The sky is pitiless and still,  
And the gaunt trees cower beneath its chill,  
Shielding themselves with their arms in vain  
Against the shattering gusts of rain.  
The wind that rustles the sodden leaves  
Looks through the cold, gray mist and grieves;  
Light ghostly whisperings awake;  
And the sweeping flurries of drops that shake  
From the dripping branches overhead  
Perhaps are the tears that the wind has shed.

EVELYN FOLEY, '27.



### Singing in the Wind

---

I will make a song, a song to sing  
'Twixt the moan of my heart and the moan of the wind.  
And out of the brooding mists in my eyes  
I will make a cloak more gray than the skies.  
For the still, silent skies are not so gray  
As the moods that wrap my soul today.  
And the wind that shakes through my heart and the trees  
Is chill with the breath of far mystical seas.  
Yet the sunset lives in the deeps of my eyes  
As it lives on the silent, gray rim of the skies.  
But the lonely wind blows o'er my lonely soul,  
To the lone, lone trees it sighs its dole.  
With the trees I mourn on the wind's cold breast,  
For the fire is blown out in the west.

ELEANOR M. ROY, '27.



### "Ridin' Along"

---

Ridin' along an empty trail,  
Hearin' the coyote's lonely wail,  
Smellin' the sage-brush in the breeze,  
Wonderin' what the hoot-owl sees,—  
A cricket chirpin' down in the dale?  
A firefly blinkin' about in the pale  
Or the old moon kissin' the tops of the  
trees

An' ridin' along.

Singin' a song of an empty trail,  
Of little white arms—tender and frail,  
Of a gold-streaked sky beyond where  
she's  
Waitin' alone—So with lost memories  
I'm ridin' along.

EVELYN CUSACK, '27.



### Consider the Violets

---

In spring-time woods, I love to go,  
And watch the blue-eyed violets grow;  
They raise their shy eyes to the sky,  
Aspiring high, though low they lie;  
And lessons sweet to me they show.

For thus, as through this world we go,  
Our souls reach God from here below,  
Like little flowers that live and die  
In spring-time woods.

As violets thrive when warm winds blow,  
And force the winter harsh to go;  
So we thrive too, and rise most high  
When graces force our faults to die;  
Thus they do good, though shy they grow  
In spring-time woods.

MELISSA STEELE, '27.

### In a Garden

---

This garden is a stifling thing tonight,  
Half in light,  
Shadowed by the clouds' mad race.  
Oh, to cross the moonlit space  
On the lawn  
Where tree shadows interlace  
And to walk until the dawn,  
By my restless spirit drawn,  
To some distant, open place  
Leaving everything behind  
For the feeling of the wind  
On my face.

EVELYN FOLEY, '27.

### The Sparrow

---

As the sparrow chirps and twitters  
On the window ledge near me,  
He delivers weighty sermons  
To my heart, unwittingly.  
He may not chant the anthem  
Of the lark or nightingale  
Nor even voice the cooing  
Of the dove;  
But his cheerfulness each morning  
As he perches on my sill  
Breathes a text of true contentment,  
From above.

MARY MARGARET McKIERNAN, '26.



# The Rosary College Eagle

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UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE DOMINICAN SISTERS



ROSARY COLLEGE, RIVER FOREST, ILLINOIS



## EDITORIALS

**THE CATHOLIC EVIDENCE GUILD.** It is a startling fact that last year in the parish of Westminster, London, the number of converts to the Catholic faith exceeded two thousand. This is only an evidence of the apostolic zeal which has been manifesting itself in England during this century and which finds admirable expression in the Catholic Evidence Guild. This organization trains men and women to speak publicly on matters of Catholic doctrine. The crowds that throng their open air platform in Hyde Park are sufficient proof of the interest they have aroused. We wonder how far this plan might be carried out in our own country. True, we have no Hyde Park, and conditions are such that the public speeches of an Evidence Guild might now be impractical. The time may come, however, when such an organization will be an actual need. How many of us, then, will be pre-

pared, to face a crowd of American "hecklers" and to give testimony of the faith that is in us with accuracy and authority? Our great need in order to be able to do this is organization of our fundamental knowledge and thorough training in its presentation and defense. It would be most fitting for us as Catholic students to begin a movement in our own college to arouse interest in doctrinal study and discussion. But, if we cannot yet do this, we can fit ourselves, each one, for future work by a deeper interest in the study of Religion so that we may be equipped with the weapons that apostolic zeal may use for the spread of the Faith. E. F.

**MATH.** Mathematics! Poor, much misused, maligned subject! To most freshmen who enroll in Math classes with the innocence of their years, the subject holds few terrors, but to say to an upper-classman that



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one is a Math Major is to have him stare at one as though one had taken leave of his senses. And sad it is to relate that before the end of the first semester at least a part of the erstwhile unsuspecting freshmen are stampeding about the door of the Dean's office begging to be allowed to drop a loathsome subject before semester exams, at which time they are certain that they will meet ignominious defeat. Yet, those who have persevered in spite of discouragement and difficulties (we speak of the math majors) have only words of praise for their beloved math.

As the Sophomore days speed by and they struggle over the intricacies of *Calculus*, they gradually come to realize the advantages of their lot as compared to that of their less fortunate class-mates who are majoring in history or English. The latter are to be found in the library at all hours struggling through volume after volume for collateral reading or class reports, from which tedious work the math major is almost entirely exempt. That the subject is uninspiring we must admit. But does every subject we study have to be inspirational? We think not, for it is the function of some to develop the

mind along lines of clear, logical reasoning. Mathematics acts in this capacity, for what could afford better mental setting up exercises than a few problems of projective geometry? As for math being dull and lifeless, never! One would never bring such an accusation against a cross-word puzzle. There is a certain indefinite something about a hard problem that arouses one's fighting instinct and urges him on to conquer its difficulties.

Another advantage of the math major is that the teaching profession is not crowded with math teachers as it is with teachers of history or English. Consequently the math major is surer of a desirable position than the history major.

As for being of value other than as a subject to teach, there is always the possibility that after such training one may discover an easy method of making out income taxes and so become rich over night. On the whole, it is with calm, serene gaze that the math major looks the future in the face, despite the fact that others look at her with puzzled, uncomprehending eyes that say as plain as words, "She really doesn't look the part at all."

G. M. P.





## from the *EYRIE*

AM. ASSO. OF UNIV. WOMEN. The alumnae, student body, and friends of Rosary College will be glad to hear that the national membership in the American Association of University Women was granted to the College at the annual meeting of the Association held in Indianapolis, Indiana, the second week in April.

EDUCATIONAL CONVENTIONS. Representatives of the Faculty attended recently the following conventions: The North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, Chicago; Music Supervisors' National Conference, Kansas City, Missouri; the Classical Association, Iowa City, Iowa; the American Association of University Women, Indianapolis, Indiana.

READING: Miss SHERMAN. On February nine, we enjoyed hearing *Mr. Antonio* read by Miss Margaret Sherman. The play represents Tarkington's ability to depict the fineness of human nature. Miss Sherman is an exceptionally gifted reader.

LECTURES: On February 16, we had the privilege of listening to a lecture given by Michael Williams, distinguished journalist; editor of *The Commonweal*, the youngest Catholic periodical established in America; and author of *The High Romance*.

The subject of the lecture was Mr. William's story of Sister Teresa, "The Little Flower." Before entering upon his theme, he told us briefly the reason for the venture of *The Commonweal*.



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The Calvert Associates who publish this magazine purpose to give the world a fuller and greater knowledge of Catholic doctrine and history. His story of Sister Teresa was really the story of his conversion through her influence. Mr. William's earnestness, his appreciation of the faith, and his personality made us all grateful for the privilege of his visit to Rosary.

On February eighteen, we enjoyed a travel talk on Florence given by Miss Clara Laughlin, author of *So You're Going to Paris*.

Reverend Father Edward Savage, of Moncton, N. B., Canada, delighted a Rosary audience on the evening of February twenty-one with a most interesting travel talk on The Holy Land.

Mr. Louis Wetmore addressed the students of Rosary College on the afternoon of Monday, March 2. Mr. Wetmore is a noted convert and former literary critic of the *New York Times*. He spoke on Catholic Womanhood. His main point was to show the great influence Catholic women might exercise in the world today if they would only exert themselves and look around for means by which to help. As an example he told about the Catholic Evidence Guild, a society of men and women which has been organized in England for the purpose of spreading the faith in their own country. Mr. Wetmore's talk was sincere and inspiring and was fully appreciated by his audience.

On Friday, March 6, the day before the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, the

college was honored with an address by Reverend Father Bergin of St. Viator's College. He spoke on the philosophy of the Angelic Doctor. Father Bergin is a true philosopher and was eminently fitted to be the speaker for this feast day.

On March 10, Mr. T. P. Whelan of the Faculty of Marquette University gave a scholarly lecture on Modern Irish Poets and Dramatists. Mr. Whelan seemed to find in Daniel Corkery, author of *The Hounds of Banba*, the truest and worthiest representative of the renewed spirit of Ireland.

On March seventeen, Mr. Cathal O'Byrne revisited Rosary and entertained us during the afternoon with an interesting account of Irish customs and traditions. He read some of his own beautiful poems and delighted us with some old Irish folk songs. His talk was informing and at the same time enjoyable in as much as he told us facts which were hitherto unknown to most of us and told them in the pleasing way of a friend talking with friends.

**MUSICAL ASSEMBLIES.** During the second semester, the assembly periods at 11 o'clock on Friday have been the occasion of short programs given by student talent. Musical selections and readings by the students of Expression have afforded much enjoyment and are representative of the good work done in the Music and Expression Departments.



OPENING OF SOCIAL HALL: On March 17, the unexpected visit of the Right Reverend John T. McNicholas, O. P., BISHOP D.D., Bishop of Duluth was a suitable occasion for the opening of our beautiful new Social Hall. It was very fitting that His Excellency should have come to us from Rome by way of Ireland and was thus prepared to offer interesting news of that country. He spoke, too, in glowing terms of the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild in England, and expressed a desire to form a similar organization or rather to effect by some means, such significant apostolic work in this country. He exhorted us to think seriously of the way in which we could best assist the Church in her missionary work. In conclusion the Bishop gave us his blessing, a happy moment for all,—a Bishop's blessing on our first meeting in Social Hall.

CARLETON HAYS Saturday, February IN CHICAGO. fourteen, Rosary students had the privilege of hearing Carleton J. H. Hayes, professor of history at Columbia University, address the members of the *Conference on the Teaching of History*. His subject was *Nationalism and Education*.

On Sunday, February fifteen, Professor Hayes discussed before the Chicago Calvert Club in the Auditorium Hotel, his *Reappraisal of the Middle Ages*. He drew for his audience, an earnest picture of the days that produced a Dante and a Thomas Aquinas

and yet are called dark, citing, by excellent examples, the significant contributions of those centuries to every phase of modern life. His smooth eloquence and opportune witticisms gave brilliance to a subject, masterfully treated.

CLASSICAL CLUB. The Classical Club continues its frequent meetings at which reports are given and observations made regarding places and events of special interest to its members because of the greater comprehension and keener appreciation afforded them by their study of Latin and Greek. The progress of the Holy Year has been followed with eager attention—an accompaniment in spirit if not in reality with the zealous Catholics who throng the great basilicas of the eternal city or wend their way along the ancient thoroughfares which have reechoed the tread of so many thousands throughout the ages.

LITERARY SOCIETY. At the beginning of the second semester, a literary club was formed by a small group of students whose purpose is the enjoyment of literary discussion and the study of literary tendencies. The club is restricted to a membership of twenty, including three freshmen.

GIFT TO LIBRARY. The Library gratefully acknowledges the gift of two hundred splendid volumes bequeathed by the will of the late Reverend Jeremiah Harrington of the Saint Paul Archdiocese. R. I. P.





## THE ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE

**SOCIAL.** The atmosphere of Commencement was suggested on February fourteen by the annual dinner given by the faculty for the members of the Senior Class. There was a blending of pleasure and sadness in the festivity. It was startling to realize that the Class of '25 were on their final course.

The Freshmen were hostesses at a Valentine Party. The entertainment began with a "heartly" supper served in the refectory.

At a recent assembly period, the Seniors presented a vaudeville in three acts. The tragedy, "Love's Rugged Pathway" an original production was very well received. An original version of "There Little Girl, Don't Cry" was given by two young women who, on account of their advanced standing, have great reason to be familiar with the thorns on the road to an A. B. The other "act" was an exhibition of the genius of one of the greatest living mystics.

On March 19, the College entertained the class of 1925 of Rosary High School. Bridge and dancing were enjoyed in the afternoon. Supper was served in the club rooms, after which the guests were conducted to the new Social Hall where was presented a comedy written by Eleanor Roy, '27. It was a clever composition, well acted, and the local hits were thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

"THE UPPER ROOM." Robert Hugh Benson's beautiful mystery play was presented by the Drama Club, on the evening of Wednesday of Passion Week.

### THE CAST:

The Doctor .....	Miss Gormicon
Achaz (the host) .....	Miss Wareham
Samuel (his boy) .....	Miss Kane
Joseph of Arimathea .....	Miss Gormicon
Mary Magdalene .....	Miss Laivell
Mary .....	Miss Lauermann
	Miss Jacobs
Judas .....	Miss Schuster
John .....	Miss Rooney
Peter .....	Miss Lynch
Veronica .....	Miss Toole
The singing by .....	
	Misses Thompson and McFarland
Stage manager .....	Miss Schuster
Property manager .....	Miss Gormicon
Prompter .....	Miss Rooney

**INTERESTING VISIT.** On Saturday afternoon, March 7, about twenty-

five of the art students visited the studio of Benjamin H. Marshall, noted Chicago architect. After an interesting ride along the North Shore to Wilmette they reached the studio, which is an Italian villa overlooking Lake Michigan. The color of the building, a delicate shade of pink, and the style of architecture aroused the interest of the class, but all speculations as to the interior were forgotten or lost in the atmosphere which enveloped them as soon as they entered a mosaic hallway through ancient wrought iron gates.

On the ground floor there was a spacious studio filled with treasures of art: furniture, pictures, books, pottery and



sculpture, all most interesting. Mr. Marshall has collected these in many years of travel. One of the most curious and beautiful features of the villa was a fairy-like tropical garden which contained an inviting swimming pool, an elaborate Chinese room and a small Japanese tea house. Every part of the villa was worthy of study. Of the four bed rooms one was entirely Spanish; the others, while modern in most aspects, also held odd, interesting old pieces. At the top of the house a bit of Egypt surprised us—a large room full of brilliant colors and entirely enclosed with glass. A small summer garden covered part of the roof of the rest of the house. Each room either overlooked the lake or opened onto the large garden.

There were interesting details in every corner and a history could be written of each but it is enough to state that the students agreed unanimously that they had had glimpses of the beau-

ties of many strange lands in a single afternoon.

SPRING            Arnica bottles, iodine,  
FASHION.        and yards of gauze are  
                     much in evidence these  
days, for, alas, even collegiates have  
their falls—when they travel on roller  
skates. Yes, it is true! There is a con-  
stant whirring and rolling on the front  
walks, through the village streets and  
even on the road to Oak Park. The  
economic Juniors and Sophs started the  
fad, and soon the passion for ball bear-  
ings gripped the entire student body.  
Roller-skate riding is much cheaper  
than taxi-riding and more intriguing,  
for we are our own drivers regulating  
our own speed. In spite of minor casu-  
alties, we intend to skate on, for it is  
great exercise, keen sport, and a good  
antidote for an overdose of education.

THE EAGLE offers sympathy and  
promise of prayers to Kathleen McIn-  
tosh, '27, on the death of her sister.



## Our ALUMNÆ

AM. ASSO. OF UNIV. WOMEN. The American Association of University Women through its National Committee on Recognition admitted Rosary College to national membership in the Association on April eight at the meeting of the Association held in Indianapolis, Indiana.

This Association formerly known under the name of Association of Collegiate Alumnae holds first place as an association of college women.

Its purpose, as stated in its charter, is "the uniting of different institutions for practical educational work, for the collection, and publication of statistical and other information concerning education, and in general for the maintenance of high standards of education."

Local branches of the Association exist in practically all the cities, large and small, of the United States. Rosary College Alumnae, including Saint Clara College Alumnae, may thus become co-operative factors in the social, educational, and social service activities of a distinctly collegiate national organization, the American Association of University Women.

Excerpts from some Alumnae Letters.

A request, for official purposes, of a summary of the graduate study and professional work of the College Alumnae brought in many interesting reports. A few of these follow:

*Margaret Wigman, A. B. 1906:*

"This is what I have done since graduation:

(a) Taught 2 years in the school for deaf, Green Bay, Wisconsin;

(b) Taught 2 years on the grades (Public School);

(c) Graduated from School of Domestic Science, Stout Institute, Menominee, Wisconsin;

(d) Taught Domestic Science in Vocational School, Green Bay;

(e) Married and am raising six good Christian citizens.

Actively engaged in club work. At present am managing my husband's campaign for District Attorney. Am on the Executive Board of the Woman's Democratic Committee in this county and am making public





speeches, (and private ones, too) for the cause.

What more do you think I could get in?"

*Ruth M. Fox, A. B. 1912:*

"You ask for a summary of my graduate study and professional work since I left Saint Clara College in 1912. I have, therefore, outlined both for you.

#### Graduate Study.

1912-1913. Graduate study in English and education at the University of Wisconsin. In June, 1913, I received my M. A. in English and my Advanced State Certificate.

1913. Summer Session. Two courses in history at the University of Wisconsin.

1920. Summer Session. Four courses in interpretative reading and the theatre at Leland Stanford Junior University.

(Four summers I spent in travel: two in the West, one in the East, and one in Europe,—the most valuable graduate study I have done.)

#### Professional Work.

1913. Summer Months. Substitute work in correspondence department of the University of Wisconsin.

1913-1917. Instructor in English in Randall Junior High School, Madison, Wisconsin. (Head of department of English and organizer of course.)

1917-1921. Instructor in English in Racine High School.

1921. Supervisor of English, Racine Junior High Schools.

1921-1924. Instructor in English, Milwaukee State Normal School.

#### Professional Recognition.

I have had an invitation from the University of Wisconsin to go back to do research work in education in the University High School and work for my Ph. D. in English and education, this to be effective any time I may choose to accept it. Whether the resignation of Professor Young will in any way affect the offer, I do not know."

*Kathleen Moonan, A. B. 1913:*

"M. A. University of Minnesota. Major Study: Latin Courses: Lucretius, Cicero, Manuscript Study. Minor Subject: English. Course in General Criticism of English Classics.

Thesis: 'The Terminology of Lucretius as Compared with the Original Terminology of Epicurus.'

Instructor of Latin in Junior College, Rochester, Minnesota in 1917-18.

1920. Research work. Translation of Latin medical manuscripts of Mediaeval ages dealing with treatment then used for cure of Empyema. Work done for Dr. Hedblom, at that time head of Chest Surgery Department, Mayo Clinic, now a professor of Surgery at Madison, Wisconsin."

*Grace Welsh, B. M. 1916:*

"Entered American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Illinois, in September, 1916 to study piano with Silvio Scionti, and composition with Adolf Weidig.

Won first prize of one hundred dollars in the Lake View Musical Society



## THE ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE

contest in April, 1917. This contest is open to all music students in Cook County.

Won, by competition, the privilege of playing with Chicago Symphony Orchestra at the Conservatory Commencement in June, 1918.

Received degree of Master of Music in piano and composition from the American Conservatory of Music, in June, 1919.

Became an instructor of piano and theory at American Conservatory in September, 1917 and remained there teaching and studying until September, 1923. Studied piano with Josef Lhevinne during four summer sessions.

Made my Chicago debut in January, 1921 under the management of F. Wight Neumann.

Took a two-year leave of absence from American Conservatory in September, 1923 to come to New York to study piano with Mr. and Mrs. Josef Lhevinne and composition with Rubin Goldmark.

As a member of

Chicago Artists Association;

Lake View Musical Society, Chicago, Illinois;

Musicians Club of Women, Chicago, Illinois.

Have appeared in numerous concerts in various parts of the country."

*Helen Elliott, A. B. 1916:*

"In June, 1917, I obtained the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Wisconsin. My major subject was American History; minor

European History.

In 1918, I held the position of instructor in History and English in the High School at Montello, Wisconsin.

After the Armistice until June, 1920, I held the position of Reconstruction Aide in Educational Therapy in the Medical Corps, U. S. A. I was stationed at various base and general hospitals. During the summer and early fall of 1920 I was in Chicago with the Federal Board of Vocational Education as teacher of Commercial subjects.

In 1920-1921 I held the position of instructor in Commercial subjects in the High School at Ontonagon, Michigan.

This year, in addition to my class in music, I am teaching two classes in shorthand at Evening School. Last week I substituted for the Commercial teacher. This will lead to the position of Commercial teacher at the Vocational High School after Christmas."

*Ruth Ryan, A. B. 1921:*

"Here's my history: 1921-24 half-time assistantship in botany at the University of Illinois. During that time I did research work on the Microthyriaceae of Porto Rico and Hawaii. The article was divided into two parts, the first on the Porto Rican fungi, was published in *Mycologia*, July, 1924. The second part on the Hawaiian forms will appear soon in the *Bulletin of the Bishop Museum at Honolulu, Hawaii*. I received my M. A. degree at Illinois in 1923, June. While at Illinois I was also elected to associate membership in Sigma X, (honorary national scientific



fraternity) and am a charter member of Gamma chapter of Sigma Delta Epsilon (national women's scientific sorority).

Last year I began working for my Ph. D. and in May, 1924 passed my preliminary examination. I am doing full time graduate work this year at the University of Illinois. My thesis subject is: 'The Development of the Perithecia in the Microthyriaceae'."

'11. Sister Thérèse (Margaret McDonald) made her final profession on December twenty-seven in the Carmelite Monastery, Bettendorf, Ia.

'12. Ruth M. Fox, notwithstanding her numerous professional responsibilities, has found time to give in several high schools and academies a much-appreciated lecture on *The Modern Poets*.

'23. Pauline Mathis has accepted a position as teacher of General Science and English in Lane Technical High School, Chicago.

'24. Alice Lauerman will be a member of the Holy Pear Pilgrimage which will sail on July four, under the direction of the Knights of Columbus.

'24. Lucile Conley is teaching music in a Junior Public High School in Chicago.

VISITORS. Marie Flannigan ('18),  
Mary C. Kallal ('22),  
Catherine Collopy ('24) Chicago;

Catherine Wickham ('21) Milwaukee;  
Pauline Mathis ('23) Dubuque; Mrs.  
Lloyd E. Battles (Cecilia Palmer '23);  
Alice Lauerman ('24) Springfield, Ill.;  
Margaret Smith (Ex '20), Fargo, N.  
D.; Marion Chambers (Ex '20) Waukegan,  
Illinois; Kathleen Guilfoyle (Ex '24) South Bend, Indiana.

CONGRATULATIONS. To Mr. and Mrs. Harry  
Castor (Grace Moonan, Ex '15) on the birth of  
a daughter, February 26.

S. C. A. A. On February eight, Mrs.  
John Periolat (Katherine Redmond), Mrs. Charles Sierks (Edna Norman), Mrs. J. E. O'Neil (Louise Fitzpatrick), and Mrs. C. N. Hollerich (Mary Cahill) met at the College to confer on the meeting to be held at Saint Clara Academy in June.

OBITUARY. Condolences and the assurance of prayers for their dear departed are offered:

To Sister Mary Eva on the death of her brother, Mr. Lawrence McCarty, in Sioux City, Iowa, on March ten.

To the relatives of Mrs. Mary O'Brien (Mary Cummings) for many years the senior member of the Saint Clara Alumnae Association. Mrs. O'Brien died in Independence, Iowa, on March eleven.

*Requiescant in pace.*





# Feathers

## LOCALS

"Let's go to Oak Park,"  
Said Jenny to Sue;  
"Before it gets dark,  
Let's go to Oak Park;  
We'll have a great 'lark,'  
And buy something new.  
Let's go to Oak Park,"  
Said Jenny to Sue.

M. S.

I went a-roller skating  
First time today at noon.  
I skated o'er a sidewalk grating  
When I went a roller skating  
And now I'm sure I'm just a-hating  
To say I fell, Ah yes, so soon!  
But I'll go a-roller skating  
Second time, tomorrow noon.

J. T.

I'd like to look cheery in classes,  
And not growl aloud with the masses;  
But as I grow weary,  
My face becomes dreary,  
And I soon find the idea passes.

E. C.

There once was a poor man named Ogg,  
Who wrote a book deep as a bog,  
When Sister demands,  
"Each one understands?"  
We sigh, "It's as clear as fog."

A. M. R.

Three beautiful maidens one day  
Roller-skated along the parkway,  
One lost her front roller  
Which over did bowl her  
Causing black and blue knees the next  
day.

G. P.

There was a young lady on third  
This morning the bells never heard.  
Her eight o'clock class  
Was minus this lass.  
Is this the first time it occurred?

M. C.





## THE ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE

### III. The Absentee's

Curses on these lessons long,  
Problems that are all done wrong,  
Papers that I'll never write  
Though I'll court from dawn to night  
Some flighty inspiration.  
Hang that awful, long translation.  
Experiments I've gotta do.  
What are teachers coming to?  
From my heart I plead with them.  
With one look my words they stem:  
"Slow thou art—thy vacation  
"Was of too much duration"  
Each one gives me extra work  
There's not one will let me shirk.  
I've thought more than I can think,  
Swallowed books with food and drink  
S'pose they'll say when I am gone  
I died to miss the lesson.  
(Blessings on them, they'll be right.)

### IV. Most Anybody's

Why must I always be greeted  
With phrases "horizontal sixteen"  
Or "what is a river in Asia?"  
Or "what does dysprosium mean?"  
"What is an aqueous vapor?"  
An esne, a schelm and a fen,  
Or why should a breaker of negus  
So sooth all approximate men?"

F. R.



In rhyme work I never did shine,  
For my thoughts are never sublime,  
But my verse I can stand it  
Because I just hand it  
In to the teacher on time.

M. C.

### A Villainous Drama

To Be Enacted at Midnight

Dramatis Personae:

Principal character—Known.

(If possible, the principal character should be omitted).

Villians—Unknown.

Chief Witness—Lobby Clock.

#### Act I.

Scene 1. Enter Lobby Clock. Looks anxiously in every direction. Jumps every time a minute flies by. Moves its hands across its face in a distracted manner. Strikes twelve.

#### Act II.

Scene 1. Enter Villains. Look at Lobby Clock and smile wickedly. All is silent.

Scene 2. Lobby Clock watches nervously. Villians become noisy in their midnight villainy.

Scene 3. Principal character enters suddenly. Roars, "This villainous business must be stopped."

Lobby Clock covers its face with its hands and feebly gasps "One." Villains vanish.

Curtain.

H. B.

#### QUIET HOURS:

8 to 12

1 to 3:30

5 to 6

8 to 10

10 Retire. IF YOU MUST  
BE UP LATER, PLEASE  
CLOSE DOORS GENTLY





**The Pail and Mop**  
(A One Act Tragedy)

Scene I

Place: Rosary Library.

Time: Almost any when research is vitally necessary.

Library tables poised somberly on three legs. Chairs arranged symmetrically thereupon.

The eager student joyously approaches Rosary library's familiar portals, only to be restrained forcibly. She dares not step on the floor. Newt is scrubbing.

Scene II.

Place: Same as before.

Time: An hour later.

Persevering collegiate seats herself at table. She politely overlooks the general disorder and the well-meaning swishes of Newt's ample mop. An intellectual expression spreads over her worried countenance.

Scene III.

Place: Still the same.

Time: Not quite the same; a trifle later.

Order reigns supreme, and it is still quite damp. Chairs have jumped down from tables. All appears serene.

Same individual peruses the *Annals of Knowledge*, only to be brutally torn from her paradise by a masculine voice remonstrating, "This here spot I haf already once to do." Collegiate looks up to heaven and disappears. C. W.

**Our Famous Movie Successes**

*Human Wreckage*—All of us—after exams.

*The Rendezvous*—The Library.

*Where the Pavement Ends*—Rosary College.

*Burning Words*—"You flunked."

*The Covered Wagon*—Rosary College Bus.

*The Stranger*—Sunday P. M. visitor.

*The Wasteland*—Our Campus.

*The Danger Mark*—70%.

*The Breaking Point*—74¼% in chemistry.

*Graced*—Mail time.

*Enticement*—A box of Fannie Mae's in Lent.

*So Big*—Our assignments.

Sophomoric

HISTORY II—MONDAY:  
pp. 271-391

**Soliloquy**

Oh, what is a word that rhymes with I  
Fee! Fo! Fee! Fo! Fee! Fi;  
I want not *by*, not *cry*, not *sigh*,  
Oh me! Oh me! Oh my!  
I hold my head or perhaps instead  
I'll wring my thoughts  
So dry, so dry, so dry;  
I'm going to cry; but no, I'll sigh  
Ho! Hum! He! Ho! He! Hy!  
Away with the verse!  
There is no word  
Will rhyme with I, except die,  
Or cry, or by, or fry!  
Ho! Hum! Ho! He! Ho! Hi!

M. D.



## THE ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE

### A Page of Limericks

One night a wild ravaging leopard  
Was fired upon by a bold shepherd.  
Next morn it was found  
Lying dead on the ground,  
The leopard, the shepherd had peppered.  
H. M. T.

There was a young lass who was fat.  
Not a thing ever fazed her but that;  
So she talked day and night  
About how she must diet,  
But she only ate more,—think of that!  
K. K.

DRUG STORE OPEN EVERY  
EVENING AT 8:15

PLEASE DO NOT USE THIS  
PIANO AFTER 8:00 P. M.

There was a young girl from Versailles  
Who one day climbed up on the scales,  
She broke them, tis true,  
It made her feel blue;  
Now they call her the Princess of Whales.

There was a small boy in Peru  
And crying was all he could do;  
Somebody said "Why  
Do you always cry?"  
The only reply was, "Boo-hoo."

M. S.

A. J.

WHOEVER TOOK MY ELEC-  
TRIC GRILL, PLEASE RE-  
TURN TO ROOM 607

THIS IS THE LAUNDRY  
CHUTE *NOT* THE  
INCINERATOR

Whenever I begin concentration  
On Greek or Versification,  
A laugh from next door,  
Yea, an infectious roar,  
Makes me vibrate with great jubilation. Where on earth did he emigrate from?"  
M. D.

There was a young fellow named Tom  
Who dropped a big dynamite bomb  
And now up in Mars,  
They are saying, 'My stars!  
M. W.

FUDGE FOR SALE  
SECOND FLOOR LOBBY  
7:30 TUESDAY

PLEASE REMOVE GALOSH-  
ES OR OVERSHOES BE-  
FORE ENTERING

PLEASE USE THE WALKS

LOST—A BLACK FOUN-  
TAIN PEN



## EXCHANGES

The winter issue of *The Campion* delighted us. We were most enthusiastic after reading the editorial on "College Journalism." It is a strong defense of the fact that time is not wasted in editing a college journal. The author points out that many who in future life gained fame in the literary world began their work on a college paper, including Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, Dr. James J. Walsh and Mr. T. A. Daly.

"The Appeal and Influence of Dante" is a powerful essay on the Catholic Poet of the Middle Ages, showing the vast power he has swayed in all subsequent ages over men of all faiths and more especially over our own Lowell and Longfellow. The immortal Father Tabb is forcefully portrayed in "A Master Worker in Poetic Jewelry." "The Earlier Prairie du Chien" is a fascinating historical discussion in good literary style. "The Music Master" is a swift-moving, smooth-running story which held us in suspense until

the very last sentence. This brief review would be incomplete if mention was not made of the charming play, "The Day of the Storm."

In the *Saint Vincent College Journal*, the highly literary and intellectual editorials are an outstanding feature. "The Value of Routine Work" is pertinent. Any saint's life gives ample proof of the value of routine standards as a means to an end no matter how distant it may seem. Joy was their reward, so it could be ours if we followed their example in this phase of their lives. Routine results in gains mentally, morally and physically, hence habits of it ought to be cultivated.

"The Slice of Life" scorns in a forceful manner the "realism" of some modern magazines which appeal only to the baser passions of men and not to the intellectual. Millions are being corrupted. Stringent measures, whether State or Federal should be taken. "The Catholic Press Month" is a well-written





## THE ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE

editorial. It stresses the modern neglect of good books, due in great part to the present lack of popular appreciation of the relative value of temporal and spiritual things. "The perusal of the "Armor of Success" further illustrated the high literary standard of this journal.

H. T.

One rarely finds among college magazines a number so consistently good as the March *Fordham Monthly*. The first little poem, "I' Ingénue" was delightful,—a colorful miniature of the spirit of spring. Another spring poem more ambitious and fanciful, "Dawn of Spring," was notable for its imagery and music. The verse throughout the number was of a very high standard. "Ludlam Place" was a really good story with a well-maintained atmosphere and a skillful plot. Among several excellent articles, "Three New Magazines" was especially interesting. We did wish, though, because of our great admiration for Mr. Michael Williams, that the author had mentioned the editor of the *Commonweal*. "The Antidote" contains real humor, and has the merit of reducing "local color" to the smallest proportion.

*Le Petit Seminaire* from Quigley Preparatory Seminary is an interesting and serious magazine. The poetry, spiritual for the most part, shows depth of thought. The naïveté of "To the Moon" and the mystic imagery of "A Mediaeval Window" made them especially appealing. Among the best of the articles—all of a high quality—were "The Holy Year," discussing the Jubilees in the past and the present, and "The Theatre in Shakespeare's Time, giving interesting sketches of the forerunner of our elaborately equipped modern structure. There was an unusually large number of attractive stories. The author of "That Crimson Sweater" is to be commended for creating a natural and appealing character in "Grit." A story of a different type, "Fine Feathers" is no less interesting, and although its probability is debatable, it gives the illusion of reality. While *On Spectral Wings* leaves one depressed and shocked, the author's skill in arousing these emotions is undeniable. Outside of an absence of humor, the magazine is well balanced.

M. C.

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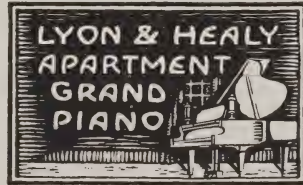
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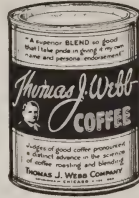
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